

THE OXFORD INTELLIGENCER.

HOWARD FALCONER,

\$2 Per Annum in Advance, or \$2 50 at the end of the Year.

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

VOLUME 1.

OXFORD, MISS., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1860.

NUMBER 22

THE INTELLIGENCER,

Is Published Every Wednesday Morning

HOWARD FALCONER,

OXFORD, MISSISSIPPI.

Subscription price \$2 in advance, or \$2 50 at the end of the year.

OFFICE—In the Masonic Building, up stairs, south side of the Public Square.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

TELETYPE MARK ONE SQUARE.

1 Square.....\$ 4 00 8 00 12 00

2 Squares.....8 00 16 00 24 00

3 Squares.....12 00 24 00 36 00

4 Squares.....16 00 32 00 48 00

5 Squares.....20 00 40 00 60 00

6 Squares.....24 00 48 00 72 00

7 Squares.....28 00 56 00 84 00

8 Squares.....32 00 64 00 96 00

9 Squares.....36 00 72 00 108 00

10 Squares.....40 00 80 00 120 00

11 Squares.....44 00 88 00 132 00

12 Squares.....48 00 96 00 144 00

13 Squares.....52 00 104 00 156 00

14 Squares.....56 00 112 00 168 00

15 Squares.....60 00 120 00 180 00

16 Squares.....64 00 128 00 192 00

17 Squares.....68 00 136 00 204 00

18 Squares.....72 00 144 00 216 00

19 Squares.....76 00 152 00 228 00

20 Squares.....80 00 160 00 240 00

21 Squares.....84 00 168 00 252 00

22 Squares.....88 00 176 00 264 00

23 Squares.....92 00 184 00 276 00

24 Squares.....96 00 192 00 288 00

25 Squares.....100 00 200 00 300 00

26 Squares.....104 00 208 00 312 00

27 Squares.....108 00 216 00 324 00

28 Squares.....112 00 224 00 336 00

29 Squares.....116 00 232 00 348 00

30 Squares.....120 00 240 00 360 00

31 Squares.....124 00 248 00 372 00

32 Squares.....128 00 256 00 384 00

33 Squares.....132 00 264 00 396 00

34 Squares.....136 00 272 00 408 00

35 Squares.....140 00 280 00 420 00

36 Squares.....144 00 288 00 432 00

37 Squares.....148 00 296 00 444 00

38 Squares.....152 00 304 00 456 00

39 Squares.....156 00 312 00 468 00

40 Squares.....160 00 320 00 480 00

41 Squares.....164 00 328 00 492 00

42 Squares.....168 00 336 00 504 00

43 Squares.....172 00 344 00 516 00

44 Squares.....176 00 352 00 528 00

45 Squares.....180 00 360 00 540 00

46 Squares.....184 00 368 00 552 00

47 Squares.....188 00 376 00 564 00

48 Squares.....192 00 384 00 576 00

49 Squares.....196 00 392 00 588 00

50 Squares.....200 00 400 00 600 00

51 Squares.....204 00 408 00 612 00

52 Squares.....208 00 416 00 624 00

53 Squares.....212 00 424 00 636 00

54 Squares.....216 00 432 00 648 00

55 Squares.....220 00 440 00 660 00

56 Squares.....224 00 448 00 672 00

57 Squares.....228 00 456 00 684 00

58 Squares.....232 00 464 00 696 00

59 Squares.....236 00 472 00 708 00

60 Squares.....240 00 480 00 720 00

61 Squares.....244 00 488 00 732 00

62 Squares.....248 00 496 00 744 00

63 Squares.....252 00 504 00 756 00

64 Squares.....256 00 512 00 768 00

65 Squares.....260 00 520 00 780 00

66 Squares.....264 00 528 00 792 00

67 Squares.....268 00 536 00 804 00

68 Squares.....272 00 544 00 816 00

69 Squares.....276 00 552 00 828 00

70 Squares.....280 00 560 00 840 00

71 Squares.....284 00 568 00 852 00

72 Squares.....288 00 576 00 864 00

73 Squares.....292 00 584 00 876 00

74 Squares.....296 00 592 00 888 00

75 Squares.....300 00 600 00 900 00

76 Squares.....304 00 608 00 912 00

77 Squares.....308 00 616 00 924 00

78 Squares.....312 00 624 00 936 00

From the New York "Spirit of the Times."

Four Days in the Woods of Nova Scotia.

A DARK, rainy, boisterous day; the ground

scattered with branches of trees, torn by the

fiery storm from the parent stem; a bad day to

start on a journey, even in a civilized part of the

world, where a warm fire, dry clothes, and a

good supper would probably follow. Most people

would consider it much worse where the

destination was the forest—the best shelter, a

few yards of canvas; and the bed, the wet moss

at the foot of a tree. This, however, was the

selected day, in preference to all others, for a

start on a moose-hunting expedition. The violent

gale, which had now lasted two days, I

knew would moderate on the third, and, in all

probability, be followed by a perfect calm. The

bright October moon was at its full; the rain had

saturated and softened the moss and the soil in

the woods, thereby rendering the tracking more

easy and the creeping more noiseless; the

leaves, which but a few days ago decked the forest

with every variety of color, now strewn the

ground, no longer obstructing the view. For

these reasons, then, did I leave the capital of Nova

Scotia on this particular day. My equip-

ments—double-barrelled rifle (smooth bore)

snuggly ensconced in waterproof case, blanket,

axe, tea, sugar, biscuit, and a small canvas

camp—were all packed behind me in the "wag-

gon," as the spider-looking vehicle is called,

which is used as a means of locomotion in these

parts. In addition to these "impediments," the

hind-seat contained a squaw and papoose, wife

and child of the hunter who was to accompany

me; to whom, from obvious motives of policy, I

was giving a lift. The bad state of the roads,

with this additional burden, rendered my reaching

the Indian's wigwam, as I had fondly hoped

to do that evening, very problematical; and so

it came to pass that, after pushing along for

some six hours, darkness surprised us about

four miles from our destination; and as travel-

ling over bullock roads in a state of inundation,

on a dark night, is a proceeding calculated to end

in a fracture of necks, or at any rate, of wagon,

I pulled up, at a settler's shanty, provisionally

near at hand, and obtained shelter for the night.

The house in which I thus sought hospitality

was built on an extensive scale, yet was a good

specimen of a small farmer's habitation in this

part of the world. It was a wooden edifice,

consisting of one large room, with a kind of loft

above, accessible only by a ladder. In one cor-

ner of the room was a bed, the place of repose

for the farmer, his wife, and perhaps two young-

est children; the others shook themselves down

in the apartment above. A common American

stove, with a pipe which passed through both

rooms, heated the house, cooked the dinner,

boiled the water for the tea-pot, baked the bread,

dried the wet clothes, all at the same time.

With all this, the floor was well scoured, the

chairs and tables clean, and everything, even

the children, in good order. By the time I had

housed my horse in the bullock-shed, I found a

warm cup of tea, unlimited number of fresh

eggs, and unleavened bread, awaiting me; and

it is perhaps worthy of notice, that you may

travel from one end of Acadia to the other—that

you may go into any kind of house, at any time

of the day or night, and the invariable meal set

before you is bacon, eggs, unleavened bread, and

tea. The perfect finish, and the pipe of peace

smoked, I signified my intention to retire for the

night by unrolling my blanket and stretching it

before the fire, politely refusing the pressing in-

quiries of the "good man" of the house to

share his couch. I was soon fast asleep.

I was early awakened next morning by the

farmer bringing in wood to replenish the stove.

My first impulse was to go to the door and have

a look at the weather. It was as I had hoped

and predicted; all traces of the storm of yester-

day had entirely disappeared—heavy clouds

all the same greenish grey, lichen-hung fir

trees draping their banks, and overhanging their

waters, their sombre hues varied by occasional

bright patches of the hard-wood trees; the same

grey grand rocks, that have stood like motion-

less sentinels, gazing for ages at their own image

in the waters beneath them; the same little is-

lands, with the same set of trees and rocks, tints

and colors, on a smaller scale, and all pictur-

esque, wild and solemn in the extreme.

In one of the bays of this lake lived the old

Indian hunter, and I saw him ready to receive

and welcome me. The safe conduct of his wife

and child, who had reached him the night be-

fore, had opened his heart; and he told me, in a

few words, that he was glad to see me, and would

do his best to show me sport—a good deal for an

Indian to say. The old fellow then led the way to

his habitation; not a birch-bark wigwam,

with a fire in the centre, but a comfortable four-

room wooden-house. The room we entered was

well furnished; a good breakfast was smoking

on the table, consisting of salt fish, moose meat,

and potatoes. From the ceiling hung long pieces

of moose fat, undergoing the process of dry-

ing. Seated by the stove, on a moose skin robe,

was my fellow-traveller of the day before—

When I entered the room, and did "the honors"

very gracefully. For a second breakfast, how-

ever, I was not inclined; but, of course, was all

anxiety to get into the woods, and to work at

once. The two Indians, unfortunately, were

not stimulated with the same ardor. I knew it

was useless to attempt to hurry them, so sat by

and smoked my pipe. There was a consultation

held in their own language. The old man pro-

ceeded to wrap up in a blanket a tin pot, small

axe, and a few other necessities; said a few

words to his wife, and shouldering his bundle,

led the way out of the house. The march was

in Indian file. The old man first, I next—Jim

bringing up the rear.

After a time a halt was made, and I was ad-

mitted in the plans of the campaign. Of course

I gave an unconditional consent, and the march

was resumed in silence, and I was soon lost in

anticipations of sport. Just as I was mentally

pulling trigger on the largest moose that eyes

ever beheld, I was called to reality by the sud-

den halt of my leader. His bundle was off; and

very much after the manner of an elderly person,

he was standing and examining some tracks

which to me only looked like those of the do-

mestic bullock. Then it was "startle" two

moose, cow and calf, just crossed the road. In

a minute the bundles were laid in the bush, the

rifle out of its case, and I was following the old

man, who was keeping the way at a rate that

promised very soon to distance at least one of

the party.

It really is a wonderful thing to see a good

dog go through the woods. His foot first feels

then tells him of what it finds; and his hand

is never held in a twig except to bend it noise-

lessly back; (if you would doubt it, notice, he

will never forget this.) The ground may be

bad to travel over; decayed stumps of trees be-

low thick bushes, tangled with a network of

brambles; but through this he forces his way, with-

out cracking a branch or displacing a stone; yet

his pace averages four miles an hour. He notices,

too, where the moose have browsed on the

green tips of the bushes, where they have lain

down to rest, where they have rubbed their horns

against the trees—nothing escapes him. On

reaching the top of any hill, my leader stopped,

and cautiously peered round, before following

the track into the valley.

This time we were not destined to be suc-

cessful; the moose had been started, and were

not feeling as they went. After an hour and a-half

of quick creeping, much to my disgust, I was

told we "had better go back to track; as very

early; earth moose him